



The Visitation of the blessed Virgin.



The Shepherds worship Christ.



The Circumcision.



Herod's Cruelty.



Christ tempted by Satan in the Wilderness.



The Marriage in Cana.



The Lord's Supper.



Judas betrays Christ.



Peter denies Christ.



Christ's Crucifixion.



The Resurrection.



The Ascension.



A COPY of VERSES humbly presented to all my worthy Masters and Mistresses,
In the Parish of Christ-Church, in the County of Surry,
By *Edward Heddington*, Bellman and Cryer.

PROLOGUE.

MY Masters all, the Summer being gone,
And the cold tedious Winter Nights come on,
I am retu'n'd my Labour to renew,
And in my wonted Post to wait on you;
Hoping you'll take my Service in good Part,
Since I perform it with an upright Heart.

On St. Michael.

ST. Michael he almighty Pow'r had giv'n,
When the rebellious Crew assaulted Heav'n;
The wicked Angels he did quickly move
To dark Abodes, far from the Joys above;
There to remain in Pain, and never die,
But mourn their wretched Fate eternally.

On St. Luke.

THE dark dull Shade of Ev'ning swiftly flies,
The happy Morn that does commemorate
The blest Evangelist St. Luke, whose Praise
Is in the Gospel till the last of Days;
Who, having run his glorious Race, at last
Had on his Head a Crown of Glory plac'd.

On Crispin.

BOYS of the merry Craft, awake! 'tis light;
What! can a jovial Crispin sleep To-night!
Rouse up, for shame! see sparkling Cheer attends
To soothe the happy Souls of Crispin's Friends;
Drink freely; nothing should your Mirth allay;
Leave Care and Business to another Day.

On the Fifth of November.

ROME, vers'd in Treasons and disturbing States,
This Day design'd our King and Nobles Fates;
Deep under Earth was hid the treach'rous Mine,
But Heav'n discern'd and baffled their Design:
Thus may all Traitors, and each treas'rous Aim,
Be timely blasted, and expos'd to Shame!

On St. Andrew.

THIS blest Apostle, like his Master, who
Pray'd for his Murderers, and forgave them too,
Bound to the Cross; he did the Gospel preach,
Till Death at length concludes his fall'ring Speech;
And now, for all his bitter Grief and Pain,
A Crown of Joy and Glory doth obtain.

On St. Thomas.

HOW weak is human Faith! alas, how frail!
When Unbelief did o'er a Saint prevail;
For when unto St. Thomas it was said,
That Christ was re-ascended from the Dead,
He stood amaz'd, nor could he well devise
How Christ should break the Chains of Death, and rise.

On Christmas Eve.

MY Maids, my little Bell does me advise
To wake and tell you it is Time to rise,
And make your rich Mince'd-Pies and dainty Tarts,
To feast this Christmas gen'rous merry Hearts;
For now the Festival approaches near,
When we shall all expect to taste your Cheer.

On Christmas Day.

ARISE, bright Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And dart thy kindly Beams thro' unknown Skies;
Wide o'er the Earth pursue thy radiant Way,
Whilst barb'rous Nations hail th' approaching Day:
Messiah reigns: His Throne shall still endure;
For Heav'n's eternal Purpose stands secure.

On St. Stephen.

THE holy Martyr Stephen boldly stood,
Confess'd the Faith, and seal'd it with his Blood,
Telling his Persecutors to their Face,
They were a faithless, unbelieving Race;
Enrag'd, they thirst to stop his pious Breath,
And in their Malice sentence him to Death.

On St. John.

WITH what a privilege St. John was blest,
To lean his Head upon his Master's Breast:
This blest Apostle, firm, could smile
Both at the poison'd Cup and the burning Oil:
Who follows thus his Master's sure Footstep,
Preferr'd in Time, and sure in Duty.

On Innocent's Day.

WHEN Herod found the Wise Men went their way,
Nor came and told him where the Infant lay,
His wicked Purpose breaks at once to view;
He sends, and every tender Infant flew:
In Bethlehem, and all its coasts around,
Is bitter Grief and woeful Slaughter found.

On New Year's Day.

BEHOLD, how soon this fleeting Year is past!
Another come; which, Man, may be thy last!
How ought we Mortals then our Steps to guide,
That when from off this worldly Stage we slide,
We may above partake that heav'nly Joy
Which neither Years nor Ages can destroy!

On Twelfth Day.

A Spicy Gale now steals along the Street, [meet;
And Knaves and Sluts with Kings and Queens will
The smoking Cakes, just drawn, will in a Trice,
Amazing Change! be cover'd o'er with Ice:
Let King and Queen their royal Forfeits pay,
And harmless Mirth and Joy conclude the Day.

On the King.

HAPPY great George, with ev'ry Gift endu'd
To make a Nation happy, if they would;
May he improve the Pow'r Heaven has lent,
And may his loyal Subjects be content!
Let him have Wisdom given from above,
His Councils, too, united be in Love!

On the Queen.

SLANDER beware! be cautious how you tread
Where spotless Virtue dwells round Charlotte's Head:
Here we behold Good-Nature, Sense, and Ease,
A heart to feel Distress, a Will to please:
Malice and Envy lay on most their Scourge,
Malice and Envy here have nought to urge.

To my worthy Masters.

TO you, my worthy Masters, I address,
In usual Form, my Writings, nothing less;
Long may you rule your Families with Ease,
And each contribute who shall mostly please!
May Commerce then increase, and flourish Trade,
And no domestic Jars your Peace invade!

To my worthy Mistresses.

TO you, my worthy Mistresses, I write;
My Masters' Helpmates, and their chief Delight;
To please you all is my peculiar Care,
And bring my Off'ring to the charming Fair;
The sweet Incense of an engaging Mind,
A Temper pleasing, and a Will resign'd.

To the Young Men.

TO you, young Men, I now this Precept give;
If you would happy be, sedately live;
No Pleasures innocent do I condemn;
But lay, be sure, a just Restraint on them;
For Mirth, tho' lawful, may abused be,
And in short Time become Iniquity.

To the Maids.

MY pretty Maids, I now do you advise,
Above all Things be sure your Virtue prize;
A decent Carriage, and a modest Tongue,
With no foul Words, nor Indiscretion, hung;
Beware of Man, tho' e'er so rich or great,
And yield to nothing but a Marriage State.

Moral Verse.

IN sweet Repose all you that slumb'ring lie,
Awake, and think of Immortality;
Think how the Night by Sleep is stol'n away,
And how our Business wastes the flying Day;
And then consider what small Time we spend
To gain a blessed and a happy End.

On Charity.

HE that relieves his Brother in Distress,
And seeks no vain Applause, does nothing less
Than lend to his Redeemer, laying down
A worthless Counter, to take up a Crown;
But if Vain-Glory prompts thy Tongue to boast,
It is not lent; to thee, O Man, 'tis lost.

The Bellman's Prayers.

GRANT, Heav'n, no envious Fortune may destroy
The present Happiness we now enjoy
Under the Conduct of our Royal King,
Whom still preserve under thy sacred Wing:
Preserve the Church of England from thy Foes,
And such as do her holy Rites oppose.

EPILOGUE.

MOST worthy Sirs, I humbly you implore,
The many Fallings of this Sheet pass o'er;
For should Heav'n bless me with another Year,
My Sheet in greater Splendour may appear:
So, hoping Peace in ev'ry Breast may dwell,
I for this Year do take a kind Farewel.

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The Birth of Christ.



The Wise Mens Offering.



Joseph's Flight into Egypt.



Christ baptized by John the Baptist.



Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem.



Stephen stoned.

